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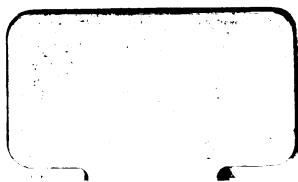
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*Boston, Mass. Churches. Brattle Square
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HYMN S

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PART II

FOR THE USE OF THE CHURCH IN BRATTLE STREET.


BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY ANDREWS AND CUMMINGS.

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H Y M N S.

§ 1. FOR THE INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE OF
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 1. L. M.

The eternal sabbath.

- 1 **GOD of the sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which in thy temple rise.**
- 2 **Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.**
- 3 **No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.**
- 4 **No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.**
- 5 **O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.**

HYMN 2. C. M.

The Lord's day morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind.
Was crucified and slain !
Behold, the tomb its prey restores !
Behold he lives again !
- 6 And while his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

HYMN 3. L. M.

The sacrifice of the heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,

What rights, what honours shall he pay ?
How spread his sov'reign's praise abroad ?

- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's lord,
Thy golden off'rings well may spare :
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

HYMN 4. C. M.

The sabbath of the soul.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of the soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purg'd from sin, may we behold
A God of purity !

HYMN 5. L. M.

The house of God.

- 1 LO, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face :

A 2

Let all within us feel his pow'r,
Let all within us seek his grace.

- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.

HYMN 6. L. M.

A hymn of praise.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the LORD is GOD alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His pow'rful word, which all things made,
Gave life to clay, and form'd us men :
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;

Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 7. L. M.

Veni Creator.

- 1 OH ! source of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night :
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts :
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts, with heavenly love inspire ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

HYMN 8. 6L L. M.

Before or after sermon.

- 1 WHILE here as wand'ring sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way !

Dispose our hearts, with willing awe,
To love thy word, and keep thy law ;
That, by thy guiding precepts led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

- 2 Great source of light, to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know :
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight ;
That, purg'd from vain desires, our mind
In thee its only good may find.
- 3 Maker, Instructor, Judge of all,
O hear us, when on thee we call !
To us, all-bounteous Lord, dispense
Thy grace, and guiding influence !
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise !

HYMN 9. 7s. M.

The acceptable worshipper.

- 1 WHO shall tow'rds thy chosen feat
Turn, O Lord, his favour'd feet ?
Who shall at thine altar bend ?
Who shall Sion's hill ascend ?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest ?
- 2 He, whose heart thy love has warm'd ;
He, whose will to thine conform'd
Bids his life un sullied run ;
He, whose word and thought are one ;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

- 3 He, who thus, with heart unstain'd,
Treads the path by thee ordain'd,—
He shall tow'rd's thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favour'd feet ;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

HYMN 10. 7s. M.

After sermon.

- 1 THANKS for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

HYMN 11. 8 & 7s. M.

For the close of public worship.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us, each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !

HYMN 12. L. M.

Doxology.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise !
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue !
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 13. 7s. M.

Before or after sermon.

- 1 LORD of nature ! source of light !
In pity view thy world below :
Guide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and woe.
- 2 Grant thy spirit !—By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven :
Heal our sins, dispel our blindness ;
Then—conduct us safe to heaven !

HYMN 14. 8 & 7s. M.

Universal praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue ;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,

Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound JEHOVAH's praise on high.

HYMN 15. 74. M.

Hallelujah.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high !—Hallelujah !
God whose glory fills the sky :
Lift your voice, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call.
- 2 God, whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;
And the orbs that gild the pole,
Bade thro' boundless æther roll :
- 3 God, who o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing that lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 4 Songs of earth, the triumph join :
Praise him with the host divine ;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs ;
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 5 Happy, who his laws obey !
Them he rules with milder sway ;
Pure and holy hearts alone
He hath chosen for his own.
- 6 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore :
Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high !

§ 2. HYMNS OF GENERAL PRAYER AND PRAISE.

HYMN 16. L. M.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.
- 2 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon to the deep shades of night,
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light proclaim.
- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was form'd to rise to heav'n;
And blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker thro' his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat JEHOVAH's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

HYMN 17. L. M.

The same subject.

- 1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy pow'r; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies :
And when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n ;
And men whom reason lifts to God,
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n :
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb ;
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come :—
- 5 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And thro' each varying scene of life
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppresses the heart ;
Or whether joy elate the breast !
Or life still keep its little course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest :
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey :
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer Thee.

B

HYMN 18, P. M.

Hymn of praise.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare a new song ;
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its king :
The God whom we worship, our songs will
attend,
And view with complacency the offering we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn :
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad song ;
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN 19. 6l. L. M.

Hymn of universal praise.

- 1 TO GOD, the Lord, wake we the lay !
Let ev'ry creature homage pay,
And bow to his Almighty name !
Let heaven, and earth, and seas and skies,
In one harmonious concert rise,
To swell the high inspiring theme !
- 2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
And, as ye wait his throne around,
Your Maker's boundless goodness sing !

- Let the full choir of saints above
Join the glad strain of grateful love,
And loudly strike th' according string !
- 3 Ye plumed warblers of the sky,
Who, heav'nward singing, soar on high,
Your sweet melodious anthems raise !
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
Pour the full chorus of your praise !
- 4 Ye insects, flutt'ring on the gale
Amid the flow'r-besprinkled vale,
By instinct taught, your homage join !
Rise the rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, in sweet perfume,
As incense to the throne divine !
- 5 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids your waters roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the raptur'd soul.
- 6 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your maker, God !
Ye thunders, speak his matchless pow'r !
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph rides th' eternal king ;
With awe th' astonished worlds adore.
- 7 Let man, with nobler reason fraught,
The feeling heart, the glowing thought,
In God's high praise his pow'rs employ !
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch the strain resound,
In echoes of triumphant joy !

- 8 To God, the Lord, wake ALL the lay !
Let ev'ry creature homage pay,
And bow to his Almighty name !
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one harmonious concert rise,
To swell the high inspiring theme !

HYMN 20. 7s. M.

A hymn of praise.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise, the name divine !
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine :
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let his acts, and pow'r supreme,
To your songs suggest a theme :
Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise.
- 3 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ ;
And in one great chorus join :
Praise, O praise the name divine !

HYMN 21. s. M.

Sincere praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in ev'ry drefs
Her humble homage pays :

And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too :
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy, oh ! let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And oft to God, my soul ! ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

HYMN 22. S. M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal blessings,

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, our souls !
Let all within us join,
And aid our tongues to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord our souls !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives our sins,
'Tis he relieves our pain ;
'Tis he that heals our sicknesses,
And gives us strength again.
- 4 He crowns our lives with love,
When rescued from the grave ;
He that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferer rest ;

B 2

- The Lord hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for th' oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

HYMN 23. P. M.

Thanksgiving and praise.

- 1 " MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name !"
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim :
To God their creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise !
- 2 Though, hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works
Their Author is known :
The world shines a mirror
Its Maker to show,
And heav'n views its image
Reflected below.
- 3 Those agents of pow'r,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of God the most high :
Who rides on the whirlwind
While clouds veil his form ;

- Who smiles in the sunbeam,
Or frowns in the storm.
- 4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design :
O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.
- 5 And man, his last work,
With reason endu'd,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renew'd ;—
To God, his creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise !

HYMN 24. P. M.

Praise to God from all nature.

- 1 O AZURE vaults ! O crystal sky !
The world's transparent canopy !
Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
With what contempt you look on things below.
- 2 O light ! thou fairest, first of things,
From whom all joy all beauty springs ;
O praise th' almighty ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee as his imperial robe.
- 3 Great eye of all ! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day ;

O praise his name, without whose purer light,
Thou hadst been hid in an abyſs of night.

- 4 Ye moon and planets ! who diſpenſe
By God's command your influence ;
Reſign to him, as to your Maker due,
That homage which man's folly pays to you.
- 5 Ye miſts and vapours, hail and ſnow,
And you who thro' the concave blow,
Swift to perform the mandates of his word,
Whirlwinds and tempeſts ! praise th' almighty
Lord.
- 6 Praise him, ye monſters of the deep,
That in the ſea's vaſt boſom ſleep ;
At whoſe command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.
- 7 Praise him, old monuments of time !
O praise him, ye in youthful prime !
All ye who ſhine in beauty's excellence !
And praise him, thou ſweet age of innocence !
- 8 Let the wide world his praises ſing,
From whom its various bleſſings ſpring :
Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
On earth his footſtool, as in heav'n his throne !

HYMN 25. H. M.

Grateful praise.

- 1 TO your creator God,
Your great preſerver, raiſe,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your higheſt notes of praise :

- Let every voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.
- 2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray ;
From morn to night,
With ev'ry beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.
- 3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.
- 4 Let all the creatures join,
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise
From every tongue
A general song
Of grateful praise.
- 5 But oh ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And every thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow :

Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest
Above the rest ;
Declare his praise.

HYMN 26. L. M.

Praise to the Lord of nature.

- 1 O THOU, through all thy works ador'd,
Great pow'r supreme, almighty Lord !
Author of life, whose sov'reign sway
Creatures of ev'ry tribe obey !
- 2 To thee, most high, to thee belong,
The suppliant pray'r, the joyful song ;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.
- 3 Planets, those wand'ring worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move ;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their maker shine.
- 4 From thee proceed heav'n's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful show'r,
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow,
- 5 Tempests obey thy mighty will ;
Thy awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked light'nings dart around,
And rive the oak and blast the ground.
- 6 Yet, pleas'd to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

- 7 Of nature's laws, and nature's king,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing :
The debt of humble praise we pay ;
Father, accept the grateful lay.

HYMN 27. L. M.

All nature invoked to praise the Creator.

- 1 YE blest'd inhabitants of heav'n !
To God be all your praises given :
O praise him in the realms that lie
Above the reach of mortal eye.
- 2 Praise him, thou sun, that round the pole
With restless course art seen to roll ;
Ye moon and stars, his praise repeat ;
Praise him, ye heav'ns, his awful feat !
- 3 Nor let the heav'ns his praise confine,
Let all of earth the chorus join ;
Ye beasts that range th' uncultur'd soil,
Or patient lend to man your toil.
- 4 Praise him, each bird, that wings the air,
Each reptile nurtur'd by his care ;
And ev'ry wind, and ev'ry storm,
That duteous his commands perform.
- 5 Ye youthful bands, and virgin choir,
Each lisping babe, and hoary fire,
Wake to his name your grateful songs ;
To him alone all praise belongs.
- 6 His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
Nor highest heav'n its limit knows ;
O come, your thankful voices raise,
And consecrate to him your praise.

HYMN 28. L. M.

The voice of Nature.

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies :
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise !
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around :
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display ;
And bless the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows :
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 The flow'ry tribes, all blooming rise,
Above the faint attempts of art :
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er !
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

HYMN 29. L. M.

The voice of God in his works.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What tho' nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine—
" The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 30. 7s. M.

The perfections and providence of God.

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

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- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Th' heavens high, and all their state :
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main :
Who, by his commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
- 4 Caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun,
All the day his courſe to run ;
And the moon to ſhine by night,
'Mid her ſpangled ſifters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God does feed,
His full hand ſupplies their need :
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majeſty and worth.
- 6 He his manſion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye :
And his mercies ſhall endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

HYMN 31. C. M.

The perfections of God diſplayed in his works.

- 1 WE ſing th' almighty pow'r of God,
Who bade the mountains riſe,
Who ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies.
- 2 We ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day ;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.

- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food ;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eyes ;
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !
- 5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creation, vast as it may be,
Is subject to thy will :
There's not a place where we can see,
But God is with us still.
- 7 'Tis on his earth we stand or move,
And 'tis his air we breathe ;
All heav'n he fills with beams of love,
With terrors hell beneath.
- 8 On him each moment we depend ;
If he withdraw, we die :
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Habitual devotion.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting pow'r !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

- 2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd :—
That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :—
That heart shall rest on thee !

HYMN 33. L. M.

Give thanks to God in all things.

- 1 GREAT God ! our joyful thanks to thee,
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be :
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor interruption knows.
- 2 From thee our comforts all arise,
Our num'rous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can we ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.

- 3 If what we ask our God denies,
It is because he's good and wise ;
And ills which cause our hearts to mourn,
Thou canst to real blessings turn.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon our thankful breast
Let all thy favours be impress'd ;
That we may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.
- 5 May we, with grateful hearts each day
For all thy gifts our praises pay ;
And still delighted may we be
In all things to give thanks to thee !

HYMN 34. C. M.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptur'd heart !—
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay
Or hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

- 5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more ;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
Thy mercy shall adore.

- 13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise—
For oh ! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

HYMN 35. 7s. M.

Praise to God for his greatness and mercy.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n :
Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favour'd mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise :
Glory be, &c.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound ;
Where the Godhead shines confess'd,
There be solemn praise address'd :
Glory be, &c.
- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand !
Pow'r, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream :
Glory be, &c.
- 5 Awful Being ! from thy throne
Send thy promis'd blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease :
Glory be, &c.

HYMN 36. L. M.

Divine majesty and goodness in the terrible appearances
of nature.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,
To God the song of triumph raise ;
Adorn'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread ;
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings !
- 3 Around him rang'd in awful state,
Dark silent storms attentive wait ;
And thunders ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sov'reign will.
- 4 From earth's low margin to the skies
He bids the dusky vapours rise ;
Then from his magazines on high,
Commands the imprison'd winds to fly.
- 5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrow'd lands ;
Whilst down the mountain's channel'd side
The torrent rolls in swelling pride.
- 6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,
And settled in its destin'd course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.
- 7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;
And whilst thy terrors round us stand,
We see a Father's bounteous hand.

HYMN 37. 10s. M.

Thanks to God for creation and preservation.

- 1 **THOU** pow'r supreme, by whose command
we live !

The grateful tribute of our praise receive :
To thy indulgence we our being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.

- 2 Not many suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round this
sphere,

Since thy creative eye our form survey'd,
'Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid.

- 3 Thy skill our elemental clay refin'd,
The vagrant particles in order join'd ;
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on the soul ;

- 4 A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame nor force, nor time, shall e'er
destroy ;
Which shall survive, tho' nature claim our
breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of death ;

- 5 To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
And live when earth and skies shall be no more :
Author of life ! in vain our voice essays
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise.

- 6 How shall our hearts their grateful sense reveal,
Where all the energy of words must fail ?
O may its influence in our lives appear,
And ev'ry action prove our thanks sincere !

HYMN 38. 7s. M.

Praise to God in prosperity and adversity.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy !
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse.
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.
- 5 These, to thee, our God ! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :
- 8 Should thine alter'd hand refrain,
The early and the latter rain ;

Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

- 9 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN 39. C. M.

Prayer for spiritual and eternal blessings.

- 1 ETERNAL source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise !
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Thro' life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God !

HYMN 40. C. M.

The universal prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord !
- 2 Thou great first cause ! least understood ;
Who all my sense confin'd,

To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do ;
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.
- 4 What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives ;
T' enjoy is to obey.
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- 5 Yet, not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

- 6 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw ;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

- 7 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

- 8 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

- 9 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
-

- 10 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O ! lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.
- 11 This day be bread and peace my lot ;—
But all beneath the sun,
Thou know'ft if best bestow'd or not ;
And let thy will be done.
- 12 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise !

HYMN 41. C. M.

The Lord's prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! eternal mind !
Immensely good and great !
Thy children form'd and blest'd by thee,
Approach thine awful seat.
- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung ;
We join the solemn praise :
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.
- 3 Thy mild, thy wise, and righteous reign
Let ev'ry being own ;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.
- 4 As angels in the heav'nly worlds
Thy blest commands fulfil ;
So may the creatures here below
Perform thy holy will.

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- 5 On thee we day by day depend ;
Our daily wants supply ;
With truth and virtue feed our souls,
That they may never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault ;
Oh ! let thy love forgive ;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.
- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread ;
Or turn all real evil far
From our unguarded head.
- 8 Thy sacred name we would adore,
With cheerful, humble mind :
And praise thy goodness, pow'r and truth,
Eternal, unconfi'd !

HYMN 42. L. M.

Paraphrase of the Lord's prayer.

- 1 FATHER, ador'd in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still ;
Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love,
And earth like heav'n obey thy will.
- 2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake :
O let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour !
Thy kind protection we implore :
Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r ;
Be thine the glory evermore !

§ 3. HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSES.

HYMN 43. L. M.

To the unknown God.

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through :
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has fought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will !

HYMN 44. L. M.

God's omniscience and omnipresence.

- 1 FATHER of all ! omniscient mind !
Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend ?

- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue ?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?
- 3 If up to heav'n's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise ;
In splendour there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,
Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore ;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry vital part ;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 6 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heav'n I know !
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

HYMN 45. L. M.

The majesty of God.

- 1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day !
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 Let Lebanon her cedars bring
To blaze before the sovereign king,
And all the beasts, that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

- 3 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 4 Join'd with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread ;
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 5 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, great God ! to thee.

HYMN 46. L. M.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen us
through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
Our waking and our sleeping hours,
Our heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
- 2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are to our God distinctly known :
He knows the words we mean to speak,
Ere from our op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power we stand ;
On every side we find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
Our souls, with all the pow'rs they boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

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- 5 O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where-e'er we rove, where-e'er we rest !
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.
-
- 6 Could we so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could we thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 7 If mounted on a morning-ray
We fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.
- 8 Or should we try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 9 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight-shades as blazing noon.
- 10 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they 're both alike to thee ;
Not death can hide what thou wilt spy,
And hell lies naked to thine eye.
- 11 O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where-e'er we rove, where-e'er we rest !
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

HYMN 47. L. M.

God the intellectual light.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright !
His presence gilds the world above ;
Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay bury'd in eternal gloom.
- 3 *Let there be light !* JEHOVAH said,
And light o'er all its face was spread :
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Our souls reviv'd by heav'n-born light,
Shall be in all thy image bright,
While all our faculties shall join
To praise the Lord of light divine.

HYMN 48. L. M.

God the leader of his people.

- 1 O GOD of our forefathers ! hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known,
While we with confidence draw near,
And place our trust on thee alone.
- 2 Arise, as in the ancient days,
(The ancient annals speak thy fame)

- Be now omnipotently nigh,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 From Egypt when thy chosen race
Triumphant urg'd their wondrous way,
Divinely led, behold they pass
Th' unwatry deep, the empty'd sea ;
- 4 At distance heap'd on either hand,
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
In crystal walls the waters stand,
And own the arm of Israel's God.
- 5 That arm, which is not shorten'd now,
Which wants not now the pow'r to save,
Shall, present with thy people still,
Bear them o'er life's tumultuous wave.
- 6 By earth and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee thy chosen seed shall come,
Shouting, their heav'nly Canaan gain,
And pass thro' death triumphant home.

HYMN 49. C. M.

God's dominion and decrees.

- 1 **KEEP** silence, all created things,
And own your maker God !
Our trembling souls with awe profound,
Would spread his name abroad.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Unnumber'd ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,

Whate'er through endless years should rise
Stood present to his thought.

- 4 His mighty voice bade ancient night
Her endless realms resign ;
And lo ! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.
- 5 There's not a sparrow nor a worm,
O'erlook'd in his decrees :
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.
- 6 If light attend the course we go,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.
- 7 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love !
We would not wish to know
What in the book of thy decrees
Awaits us here below.
- 8 Be this alone our fervent pray'r,
Whate'er our lot shall be :
Or joys or sorrows, may they form
Our souls for heav'n, and thee !

HYMN 50. C. M.

The eternal dominion of God.

- 5 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages flood,
Ere earth or heav'n was made :

Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God ! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 51. L. M.

God eternal and unchangeable.

1 ALL-pow'rful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Thro' ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being, source of good !
Immutable dost thou remain ;

Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round ;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd :
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his wand'ring track :
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will :
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

HYMN 52. P. M.

The unrivalled power and dominion of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ! let every-nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopl'd earth his praise proclaim ;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms re-
founding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs
founding.
- 2 He rules with wide and absolute command,
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land ;
JEHOVAH reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs upon his throne.
He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator..

- 3 This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
 Though built by God's right hand, must pass
 away ;
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
 The fate of empires and the pride of kings :
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 4 The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds oppress'd,
 Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
 His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
 Amid the common ruins of the sky ;
 The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
 And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.
- 5 But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands thy throne :
 JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone :
 Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same :
 He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.
- 6 But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise :
 Cease, cease, your songs, the daring flight control ;
 Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN 53. L. M.

Providence and Grace.

- 1 THY providence supplies our food,
 And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;

Our souls are nourish'd by thy word—
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

- 2 Our streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame ;
Whate'er we want his mercies give,
By whom our souls for ever live.
- 3 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if we feel it, heals again ;
From outward evils shields our breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.
- 4 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude we owe :
It meant thy praise, however poor—
An angel's song can do no more.

HYMN 54. C. M.

God every where the refuge of his servants.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt, thro' burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry region please ;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the bois'trous seas.
- 4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd
High on the broken wave,

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- They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord !
Thy mercy sets us free,
While in the confidence of pray'r
Our hearts take hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 8 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O may death, when death shall come,
Unite our souls to thee !

HYMN 55. G. L. M.

God our shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,

Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

HYMN 56. C. M.

The blessings of Providence.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! gracious Lord !
Kind guardian of our days !
Thy mercies let our hearts record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, our tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere we could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe our infant pray'r.
- 3 When reason with our stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray !
How little of our God we knew !
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 Around our path what dangers rose !
What snares o'erspread our road !

No power could guard us from our foes,
But our preserver, God.

5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unceasing love
That sav'd us from impending death,
And bade our tears remove.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise us to the skies.

7 Then shall our joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays ;
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Eternity of God.

- 1 O THOU the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place !
- 2 Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand ;
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command ;
- 3 That pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.
- 4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,

Appear no more before thy fight,
Than yesterday that's past.

HYMN 58. C. M.

The creation of the world.

- 1 LET heav'n arise, let earth appear !
Said the Almighty Lord :
The heav'ns arose, the earth appear'd
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep :
God said, *Let there be light !*
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand,
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
He plac'd those orbs of light ;
He caus'd the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next, from the deep, th' almighty king,
Did vital beings frame ;

Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

- 8 To all the various brutal tribes,
He gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprang from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made.
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
- 10 Fair in th' almighty Maker's eye,
The whole creation stood;
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd;
His word pronounc'd it good.

HYMN 59. C. M.

Creation of man.

- 1 A GOD, a God, the wide earth shouts !
A God ! the heav'ns reply :
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.
- 2 " Let us make man"—with beauty clad,
And health in ev'ry vein,
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.
- 3 Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys ;
Admires the earth, the skies, himself !
And tries his tongue in praise.
- 4 Ye hills, and vales ! ye meads and woods !
Sun ! with o'erpow'ring glare,

Fair creatures, tell me, if ye can,
From whence, and what we are ?

- 5 What parent pow'r, all great and good,
Do these around me own ?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast unknown !

HYMN 60. c. m.

The first and second coming of Christ.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands !
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue !
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came,
A guilty world to save ;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea !
Ye mountains ! sink ; ye valleys ! rise ;
Prepare the Saviour's way.
- 5 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations from their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 Again he comes, with pow'ful voice,
To wake the num'rous dead,

And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted head.

- 7 When he, who is our life, draws near,
And all his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

HYMN 61. L. M.

Christ the image of the invisible God.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thy offspring here, unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thy image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light ;
- 3 So in thy Son thy pow'r divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though Jews who granted not his claim,
Contemtuously turn'd away their face ;
Yet those, who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
- 5 O thou ! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.
- 6 While we, thine image there display'd,
With love and admiration view,

Form us in likeness to our head,
That we may bear thy image too.

HYMN 62. S. M.

Christ the light of the world.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of peace !
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way :
The path which Christ unwearied trod,
Will lead to endless day.

HYMN 63. L. M.

The kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey :

Extend the kingdom of thy son,
Till ev'ry land his laws shall own.

- 2 They form to righteoufness the mind,
To all that's candid, gentle, kind ;
Inspire with love the human breast,
And stormy passions sooth to rest.
- 4 As gentle rain on parching ground,
His gospel sheds its influence round ;
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of darknefs and of death,
Revive at its first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

HYMN 64. H. M.

Fruitful showers, emblems of the effects of the gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain !
To heav'n from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Thro' every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,

And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend :
Millions of souls
Shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down
To millions more.

HYMN 65. 61. L. M.

Jesus Christ.

- 1 SAGES of ancient letter'd times !
In ev'ry age, and diff'rent climes,
For wisdom fam'd among mankind,
Withdraw your thinly-scatter'd rays,
Before the broad o'erpow'ring blaze
Of the supreme eternal mind.
- 2 Mercy's great year, in heav'n enroll'd,
By seers succeeding seers foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unseal'd ;
Light of the world, Messiah came,
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality reveal'd.
- 3 Fill'd with his Father's strength he taught ;
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,
The lame leap like the bounding roe :

The rayless eyeballs drink the light,
Death yields his spoils to Jesus' might,
And demons shrink to shades below.

- 4 O works of pow'r, O works of love,
Ethereal embaſſage to prove,
That ev'ry riſing doubt controul ;
Pledge of the pow'r and love more ſtrong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the miſeries of the foul.

- 5 Prince of celeftial peace, to thee
Shall bow in reverence every knee,
From ev'ry mouth thy praises flow ;
All thy commands are mild and juſt,
Thy promiſe faithful to our truſt,
Will pardon, peace, and heav'n beſtow.

HYMN 66. c. m.

The miſſion of Jeſus Chriſt.

- 1 HARK the glad ſound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promiſ'd long !
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.
- 2 On him the ſpirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its holy fire ;
Wiſdom, and pow'r, and zeal, and love
His ſacred breaſt inſpire.
- 3 He comes, the priſ'ners to releaſe,
In wretched bondage held :
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our songs of joy and gratitude
His welcome shall proclaim :
Hail to the prince of peace, who comes
In God our father's name !

HYMN 67. H. M.

Christ seen of angels.

- 1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne !
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace,
His radiant face
In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heav'n-born child
In simplest form array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

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- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd :
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;
And could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep ;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep :
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord
With joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in light
The shining conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

- 7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise ;
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

HYMN 68. C. M.

The light and glory of God's word.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 His hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 69. L. M.

Faith in the invisible God.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendours none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God ! to thee !
- 3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing raptur'd soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !
Witness to its supreme desire :
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge—
To bear thee ever in its fight,
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !

HYMN 70. L. M.

Imitation of God.

- 1 GREAT God ! thy peerless excellence
Let all created natures own :
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories, which are thine alone.

- 2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe :
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.
- 3 But where we may resemble thee,
And in thy godlike nature share ;
Thine humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 4 Pure may we be, averse from sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true ;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

HYMN 71. L. M.

The example of Christ.

- 1 **AND** is the gospel peace and love ?
So let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight :
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !

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- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love :
 If then we love our Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.

HYMN 72. C. M.

The example of Jesus.

- 1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found,
 He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
 And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood ;
 His foes, ungrateful, fought his life ;
 He labour'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
 And still his task pursu'd ;
 While humble pray'r, and holy faith
 His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
 " Thy will, not mine, be done !"

- 7 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

HYMN 73. 7s. M.

Christ risen, and death vanquished.

- 1 ANGEL, roll the rock away !
Death, yield up thy mighty prey !
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom !
- 2 Shout, ye fairs, in rapt'rous song,
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.
- 3 Powers of heav'n, celestial choirs,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men, in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign !
- 4 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?—Hallelujah.

HYMN 74. s. M.

The right and duty of private judgment.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye :
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

- 2 O may we still maintain
A meek inquiring mind ;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need ;
With foundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

HYMN 75. L. M.

Devotion vain without virtue.

- 1 TH' uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.

HYMN 76. L. M.

Candour.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all !
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe ?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own ;
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct ; accept, if right,
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

HYMN 77. S. M.

Christian unity.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Envy and strife, be gone,
And only kindness known,

Where all one common father have,
One common master own.

- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 78. L. M.

Christian zeal tempered by charity..

- 1 GREAT God ! whose all-pervading eye
Sees ev'ry passion in my soul !
When sunk too low, or rais'd too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And O, let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the offerings I bring.
- 3 Let peace with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will ;
While hope and heav'n-ey'd faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal :
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above :
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

HYMN 79. L. M.

The properties of christian charity.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervour and their faith proclaim :

- If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a founding name.
- 2 Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,
And zeal to set the world on fire ;
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.
- 3 She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,
And slowly her resentments rise :
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And rage retires and malice dies.
- 4 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.
- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn ;
When hope shall in fruition die,
And faith to fight triumphant turn.

HYMN 80. L. M.

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day !
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath th' almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;

Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

HYMN 81. L. M.

Christian friendship.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth; and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and mortal woe ;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sick'ning fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

HYMN 82. C. M.

Christian charity.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands !

His weeping foll'wers gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

3 Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain :

4 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief :
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow :
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

8 To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

G

HYMN 83. 7s. M.

Love to God and man.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wife, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
 Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what off'rings shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unfullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye express'd ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with lib'ral store :
 Teach us, O thou heav'nly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN 84. C. M.

Mutual love.

- 1 SWEET is the love that mutual glows
 Within each brother's breast ;

- And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
All blessing and all blest :
- 2 Sweet as the od'rous balsam pour'd
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest
A breathing fragrance shed.
- 3 Like morning dews on Sion's mount
That spread their silver rays ;
And deck with gems the verdant pomp,
Which Hermon's top displays.
- 4 To such the Lord of life and love
His blessing shall extend :
On earth a life of joy and peace,
And life that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 85. L. M.

The christian warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;
There pleasure's filken banner's spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;

Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

- 5 Come then, my foul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell ;
The Man of Calv'ry triumph'd here :
Why should his faithful foll'wers fear ?

HYMN 86. C. M.

The pilgrimage of life.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
We seek that promis'd soil ;
The songs of Sion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears ;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise ;
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 The flow'rs that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck ;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.
- 4 We tread the path our master trod :
We bear the cross he bore ;
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.
- 5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away,
In ecstasies of love ;

And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

HYMN 87. C. M.

The power of faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all our cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

G 2

HYMN 88. C. M.

Zeal and vigour in the christian race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye :—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way :

How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life, Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

HYMN 90. L. M.

Devout aspirations.

- 1 OUR God, as merciful as just,
Kindly remembers man is dust ;
His ear is open to his cries,
His grace will meet our lifted eyes.
 - 2 He reads the language of a tear,
Listens to sighs from hearts sincere ;
He marks the dawn of virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax to flame.
 - 3 Set us from earthly bondage free,
Still ev'ry wish that strays from thee ;
Bid, LORD, our vain disquiets cease,
And point our path to endless peace.
 - 4 If in the vale of tears we stray,
Where wounding thorns perplex our way,
Still let our souls thy goodness see,
And with strong faith lay hold on thee.
-

- 5 With joy, my soul, thy lot receive,
 Resign'd alike to die or live ;
 Kissing the sceptre or the rod,
 See God in all, and all in God.
- 6 With thee in solitudes I walk,
 With thee in crowded cities talk,
 In ev'ry creature own thy power,
 In each event thy will adore.
- 7 Thy hopes shall animate my soul,
 Thy precepts guide, thy fear control ;
 Within the temple of thy arms,
 I'll rest secure from all alarms.
- 8 Thus, when the closing hour draws nigh,
 And earth recedes before mine eye,
 From cares and gloomy terrors free,
 I feel omnipotent in thee.
- 4 Teach me to quit this transient scene,
 With decent triumph look serene ;
 Help me to fix my hopes on high :
 To thee I've liv'd, in thee I'll die.

HYMN 91. C. M.

Aspiration after the christian temper.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker ! Lord of all !
 Of life the only spring !
 Creator of unnumber'd worlds !
 Supreme, eternal king !
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
 Impenitence and pride ;
 Nor let me in forbidden paths
 With thoughtless sinners glide,

- 3 What'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit ;
I'll blest the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With gen'rous pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known :
Oh ! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food :
I ask not wealth nor fame :
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to blest thy name.
- 7 Still let my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

HYMN 92. L. M.

Devout aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason ! judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :
- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tost,
And in a maze of error lost :—

- 3 Assist us Lord ! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-pois'd and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 5 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
Above the mean disguise of art !
- 6 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 7 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

HYMN 93. C. M.

In a thunder storm.

- 1 LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
Which thunders through the sky :.
- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's horrid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power
Which breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice.
And blushes in the rose.
- 6 When through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the guilty soul :
- 7 Unmov'd, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN 94. L. M.

A good conscience the best support.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul ;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience, to the last :
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That Friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though heav'n afflict, I'll not repine :
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts, which over death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

HYMN 95. L. M.

A happy life.

- 1 HOW happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Unty'd to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath :
- 3 Who envies none that chance doth raise ;
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

- 4 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
 Whose state can neither flatt'ers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great :
- 5 Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 Whose heart as open as the day
 Fears not to call his God his friend.
- 6 This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 He, having nothing, yet hath all.

HYMN 96. 8 & 6 M.

True happiness.

- 1 IF solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam :
 The world has little to bestow ;
 From our own selves our joys must flow ;
 'Our bliss begins at home.
- 2 We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
 And if our store of wealth be small,
 With thankful hearts improve it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.
- 3 To be resign'd, when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours giv'n :
 This, gracious God, is wisdom's part :
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

H

- 4 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead:
- 5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Peace and happiness the portion of the righteous.

- 1 Let none be envious when they see
 The wicked in a prosp'rous state;
 Or, tempted by their short success,
 Grow bold their crimes to imitate.
- 2 Think not mere wealth makes happy men;
 The portion of the virtuous poor
 Is better far than wicked men's
 Ill-got, or ill-employed store.
- 3 Let others foolishly expect
 How kind the flatt'ring world will prove:
 We'll seek our God alone to please,
 And be ambitious of his love.
- 4 God, who is always good and just,
 Those who are like himself will own;
 And they shall flourish and abide,
 When wicked men are overthrown.

- 5 Mark, then, the good and perfect man !
Mark him that's upright in his ways !
Mercy attends him all his life,
And peace and comfort close his days.

HYMN 98. C. M.

Religious retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode ;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Thou source of light divine ;
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee ! and what love,
A vast and boundless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more !

HYMN 99. C. M.

Instructions to the young, from a review of past dispensations of Providence.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

HYMN 100. C. M.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy creator, God ;
For him thy pow'rs employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea :
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heav'nly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier fight
Than a religious youth.

HYMN 101. c. m.

The aged christian's prayer.

- 1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days !
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
I've seen thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart ?
- 3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age :
And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove :
Oh ! may these poor remains of breath
Proclaim thy boundless love !

H 2

HYMN 102. C. M.

The aged christian's reflections and hope.

- 1 ETERNAL Sire, enthron'd on high !
Whom heav'nly hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh !
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool :
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on ;
What's human must decay :
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour ;
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

HYMN 103. C. M.

Acquiescence in the will of God,

- 1 AUTHOR of good ! we rest on thee :
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh ! let thy pow'r within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdu'd,
Too oft with stubborn will,

We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill :

- 4 Not what we wish but what we want,
Let mercy still supply :
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

HYMN 104. S. M.

Virtuous desires.

- 1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wand'ring steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shews to all,
Who his just laws obey.
- 3 Give us the tender heart
That mingles fear with love ;
And lead us through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 Oh ! ever keep our souls
From error, shame, and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Divine mercy in affliction.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy pow'r divine :

We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy for'reign will ;
And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

HYMN 106. S. M.

Reliance upon God.

- 1 MY Father!—cheering name !
O may I call thee mine ?
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise :
O bend my will to thine !
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.
- 5 If anguish read this frame,
And life almost depart ;

Is not thy mercy fill the same
To cheer my drooping heart ?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak erring fight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father ! blisful name !
Above expreffion dear !
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

HYMN 107. C. M.

Prosperity and adversity.

- 1 THE LORD ! how tender is his love !
His justice how august !
*Hence all her fears my foul derives,
There anchors all her trust.*
- 2 He show'rs the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath incens'd,
Are dust beneath his tread :
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,
And shakes the learned head.
- 4 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease ;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.
- 5 Thy pow'r directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame :

Thy goodness breathes in ev'ry breeze,
And warms in ev'ry beam.

- 6 For us, O Lord ! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring ;
Do all our with'ring blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring ;
- 7 Oh ! grant that still with grateful heart
Our years resign'd may run ;
'Tis thine to give or to resume ;
And may thy will be done !

HYMN 108. L. M.

Man's dependence on God.

- 1 **THROUGH** all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
The hand of God conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 He giveth with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On his eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care—to all beside
Indiff'rent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd my soul, great God ! on thee.

HYMN 109. C. M.

The mystery and benignity of Providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful faints ! fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
GOD is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 110. C. M.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign

- Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !
- 5 But ah ! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 111. C. M.

The same subject.

- 2 WHEN present suff'rings pain our hearts,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes :
- 2 Thy pow'rful word supports our hopes,
Rich cordial of the mind !
And bears our fainting spirits up,
And bids us wait resign'd.
- 3 And oh ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy providence denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

- 4 Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free :
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.
- 5 Let the blest hope that we are thine,
Our path of life attend ;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end.

HYMN 112. S. M.

Light and deliverance.

- 1 THE trav'ller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppress'd with chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus dear, that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls ;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.
- 5 My God ! to gospel light
My dawn of hope I owe ;

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Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.

- 6 Thy hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free :
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, LORD, to thee !

HYMN 113. C. M.

The vicissitudes of providence.

- 1 THE gifts indulgent heav'n bestows,
Are variously convey'd ;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear:
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind ?
- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er ;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.
- 4 Then, christian ! send thy fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care ;
Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

HYMN 114. 7s. M.

Complete happiness not designed for man on earth.

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,

- Bids you with a grateful mind
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind—
Make not these alone your choice,
Heav'n has blessings more refin'd.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy ;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky ;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.
- 5 What, like this, has earth to give ?
O ye righteous ! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.
- 6 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

HYMN 115. C. M.

God the only source of comfort

- 1 TO calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe control ;

- The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst sooth each mortal care ;
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is waisted to thine ear.
- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;
Thy potent arm can save
From threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.
- 5 When, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,
The help of man is vain.
- 6 'Tis thou, great God ! alone canst check
The progress of disease ;
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,
The high command obeys.
- 7 Eternal source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel !
In sorrow and in joy to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

HYMN 116. P. M.

God the only refuge of the afflicted.

- 1 HOW vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage, and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days !
- 2 Thou alone, the great author of all !
The faithful, unchangeable friend !

Thou alone all our griefs canst remove,
Thou alone, from all evils defend.

- 3 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears ;
And to him who alone can relieve,
My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs.
- 4 When my heart throbb'd with pain and alarm,
When paleness my cheek overspread—
When sickness pervaded my frame ;
Then my soul on my maker was staid.
- 5 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.
- 6 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of calamity's night ;
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.
- 7 Great source of my comforts restor'd !
Thou healer and balm of my woes !
Thou hope and desire of my soul !
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.
- 8 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise,
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days !

HYMN 117. c. m.

Comfort in sickness and death.

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies ;

I 2

Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 Then the tremendous arm of death
Its hated sceptre shows ;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul !
On nature's God to trust.

4 The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
In ev'ry frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

5 Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heav'n his soul relies ;
With joy he views his maker's love,
And with composure dies.

HYMN 118. C. M.

The supreme good.

1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd
Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :

2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make us blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flatt'ring specious wile :

There's nought can yield a real joy,
But our Creator's smile.

- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom our wishes tend !
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?

HYMN 119. S. M.

Absence from God.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, Return ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my light !
Without one cheering ray ;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 4 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence can bestow
Delights which never cloy :

Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

HYMN 120. C. M.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

- 1 TO thee, my God ! my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy will approve ;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die !
Lord, when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find thee nigh !

HYMN 121. C. M.

Imploring divine direction.

- 1 LORD, through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide ;

- Supported by thy pow'ful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 Let others, swell'd with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boasts :
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.
- 3 To thee, O my unerring guide !
I would myself resign ;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will to thine.
- 4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me ;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

HYMN 122. P. M.

Supplication to the Searcher of hearts.

- 1 O HEAR me, Lord ! to thee I call
And prostrate at thy footstool fall :
O Lord, my pray'r propitious hear,
And bow to my requests thine ear !
- 2 Searcher of hearts ! my thoughts review ;
With kind severity pursue
Through each disguise thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.
- 3 To thee my inmost heart is known :
Regard me from thy lofty throne ;
Nor e'er to my desiring eye
Thy presence, heav'nly Lord, deny !

HYMN 123. L. M.

God is love.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O ! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

HYMN 124. 7s. M.

Freedom from error, guilt, and folly.

- 1 BLEST instructor ! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Save from error's growth the mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise ;

Let us thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude :

- 3 So our lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the men whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
- 4 Let our tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee :
To thy all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 5 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, our strength ! propitious hear.

HYMN 125. C. M.

Hope of divine mercy.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee ;
Thy nature is benign ;

Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul !
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.

6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

HYMN 126. 7s. M.

Invitations of mercy.

- 1 COME ! 'said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain :
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear !
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound !

Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN 127. C. M.

The mercy of God.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears ;
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive :
Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

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HYMN 128. L. M.

Penitence.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free !
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And tho' my pray'r thou should'st not hear,
My doom is just, and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord !
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
- 4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace ;
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn, remain ;
Give me to bear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And ev'ry pow'r shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 129. 6l. L. M.

Imploring divine mercy.

- 1 OUT of the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,

- To hear'n we raise our warm address ;
Deign, O our God ! to hear our pray'r :
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thy indulgence is relief.
- 2 Shouldst thou, O God ! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide,
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide :
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise !
- 3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord,
Before his throne our souls attend :
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fix'd, our hopes depend :
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.
- 4 Ye pious minds ! on God rely ;
With full assurance in him trust ;
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust :
He will at length absolve his heirs
From all their guilt and all their fears.

HYMN 130. L. M.

Hope in the mercy of God.

- 1 OPPREST with guilt, or grief, or care,
Great God ! thy humble suppliants hear,
Though sunk, we ne'er can sink so low,
But thou canst hear the voice of woe.
- 2 Shouldst thou against each evil deed
In strict severity proceed ;
By merit, without mercy, try'd,
None could be clear'd, and justify'd.

- 3 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,
That men may turn and fear thy name ;
To thy rich grace, O LORD ! we fly,
And on thy promises rely.
- 4 Ye contrite hearts who guilt deplore !
Come seek his face and sin no more ;
Then shall we know that God is kind,
And full redemption with him find.

HYMN 131. 7a. M.

A penitential hymn.

- 1 GOD of mercy, GOD of love,
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent ;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs !

HYMN 132. L. M.

The prayer of the penitent.

- 1 O TURN, great ruler of the skies !
Turn from my sins thy searching eyes !
My mind from ev'ry fear release,
And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.
- 2 Prompt is thy pow'r, when ills invade,
The weak and contrite soul to aid :
Then let thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in my pardon shine.
- 3 O let the fulness of thy grace
Each error in my life efface—
But thy decrees, almighty fire !
Integrity of heart require.
- 4 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd,
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 5 The heart, that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its prayers, its groans, its sighs,
To thee in full acceptance rise.

HYMN 133. L. M.

Things below and things above.

- 1 OF mortal life how short the date !
Like flow'rs, which in their brightest state
With gandy hues the fields adorn,
But soon by passing storms are torn !

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- 2 Their boasted beauty rest away,
How quick the vernal blooms decay !
Each in an hour its pride resigns,
And with'ring in the dust reclines.
- 3 Behold it droop, behold it waste !
Nor can the bed, which late it grac'd,
Point to the fond inquirer's view,
Where once the short-liv'd wonder grew.
- 4 So transient is the life of man,
At most a brief contracted span ;
It blooms, it fades,—and serves to show
How vain, how frail are “ things below.”
- 5 To “ things above,” with fix'd desire
Then let our better hopes aspire ;
To realms, where, in eternal day,
Nor mortals die, nor flow'rs decay.

HYMN 134. C. M.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

- 1 **TIME**—what an empty vapour 'tis !
Our days how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh :
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 3 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting bounties share,
And all the riches of thy grace
Still crown the rolling year.

- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound ;
Be his blest name ador'd !
- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when in dust we lie,
Let age to age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature die.

HYMN 135. S. M.

A timely improvement of life.

- 1 THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Spreads o'er the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals ! mark its pace ;
Improve the hours of light ;
And know your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from sanguine vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
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- 6 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 7 The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away :
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 8 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.
- 9 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursu'd !
Left, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

HYMN 136. c. m.

The instability of worldly enjoyments.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent, or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die :
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high !

HYMN 137. C. M.

Human frailty.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Life's voyage is of awful length,
Through dangers little known :
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost,

HYMN 138. L. M.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

- 1 GOD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time its being draw :
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thy unvary'd law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Loft in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulph from which it rose.
- 3 With it, the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
That country whence there's no return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show ;
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
To know the price of ev'ry hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

HYMN 139. L. M.

The prospect of sickness and death.

- 1 WHEN all the pow'rs of nature fail ;
When sickness shall our hearts assail,
And ev'ry nobler part pervade ;
When ev'ry earthly wish shall fade :
- 2 When pain, of ev'ry nerve possess,
Shall vibrate in the throbbing breast ;

And languor o'er our senses steal,
And med'cine lose its pow'r to heal :

- 3 When death shall chill the vital heat ;
When these fond hearts shall cease to beat,
These falt'ring tongues forget to speak,
" A mortal paleness on my cheek : "
- 4 When our dim eyes are sunk in death,
And God, who gave, shall take our breath ;
Do thou sustain our fainting heart,
And comfort to our souls impart.
- 5 May thy bright presence bring relief
From fear, despondency and grief :
Thy cheering voice direct our way
To regions of eternal day.

HYMN 140. L. M.

The final judgment.

- 1 THE heart dejected sighs to know,
Why vice triumphant reigns below ;
Why saints have fall'n in ev'ry age,
The victims of tyrannic rage.
- 2 Fast roll successive years away ;
Fast hastens the important day,
When to th' astonish'd world's surprise,
God's high tribunal shall arise.
- 3 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound ;
The rising dead assemble round ;
In long procession see they come,
Each to receive his final doom.
- 4 Lo there a vile, degen'rate race ;
Pale terror sits on ev'ry face :

Here, on the right, a joyful band,
The sons of suffering virtue stand.

- 5 The sentence pass'd, lo ! these arise
To bliss and glory in the skies :
While those who once stood high in fame,
Sink to contempt and endless shame.
- 6 Thus shall God's providence appear
Without a shade, divinely fair ;
And blushing doubt with joy confess
The Lord's a God of righteousness.

HYMN 141. C. M.

The peace of the grave.

- 1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;

Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their final doom.

HYMN 143. C. M.

The christian happy in death.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.
- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are blest'd ;
How calm their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry care.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The vegetable creation an emblem of the resurrection.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Reign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain ;

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The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So, to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest ;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest !

6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
We'll wait heav'n's high decree ;
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set us free.

HYMN 145 C. M.

God the everlasting light of good men.

1 YE golden lamps of heav'n ! farewell,
With all your feeble light :
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night !

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day !
In brighter flames array'd !
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;

Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvary'd day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

HYMN 146. 8 8 6s. M.

The dying saint.

1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse from sin !
Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin.

2 See smiling patience smooth his brow !
See bending angels downward bow,
To lift his soul on high !
While eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God,
Who taught him how to die.

3 The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those horrors which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom display ;
For he who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night descend, can turn
Their darkness into day.

- 4 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast ;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And heals his soul with rest.
- 5 O grant, my Saviour, and my friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
So calm my evening close ;
While loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To him from whom I rose.

HYMN 147. C. M.

A prospect of heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan flood,
And Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckluded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 148. S. M.

Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There sickness never comes,
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

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- 6 There's no alternate night,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 Oh ! may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love ;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

HYMN 148. GL. L. M.

Life, death, and resurrection.

- 1 ETERNAL GOD, how frail is man !
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave :
Who can prolong his vital breath ?
Who from the bold demands of death
Hath skill to fly, or pow'r to save ?
- 2 But let no murm'ring heart complain,
That therefore man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust :
For though his servants, day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward awaits the just.
- 3 Jesus has made thy purpose known,
A new and better life has shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear :
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

§ 4. HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

HYMN 149. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper.

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request.
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song :
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron-sleep ?
The great deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives ev'n of death ?
- 4 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name :
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

HYMN 150. L. M.

Fidelity to our Saviour.

- 1 SHALL I forsake that heav'nly Friend,
On whom my noblest hopes depend?
Forbid it, that my wand'ring heart
From thee, my Saviour, should depart !
- 2 First let the wheels of life stand still,
Ere I forget thy gracious will ;
Ere I submit to guilty shame,
And bring dishonour on his name.
- 3 Faithful to thee and to thy laws,
With zeal I would maintain thy cause,
The cause of truth and righteousness,
'Midst trial, suffering, and distress.
- 4 If e'er I'm call'd t'encounter death
For thee, may I resign my breath ;
And reap, at last, the bright reward
Which waits the servants of the Lord.

HYMN 151. L. M.

Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 "EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend !"—
Such was our master's last request ;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
 Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
 Thy table food celestial yields,
 And happy they who sit with thee.

HYMN 152. C. M.

Brotherly kindness from the precept and example of Christ.

- 1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,
 Who round his table draw !
 Remember what his spirit was,
 What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
 Did all his actions guide ;
 Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught ;
 Inspir'd by love, he dy'd.
- 3 And do you love him ? do you feel
 Your warm affections move ?
 This is the proof which he demands,
 That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
 Like his be ev'ry mind ;
 Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
 And ev'ry action kind.
- 5 Let none who call themselves his friends,
 Disgrace the honour'd name ;
 But by a near resemblance prove
 The title which they claim.

HYMN 153. P. M.

Angels proclaiming the birth of Christ.

- 1 NO war nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat, while all around
The gentle fleecy brood,
Or cropp'd the flow'ry food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.
- 3 When lo ! with ravish'd ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet musick, offspring of no mortal hand ;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answ'ring the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charm'd the list'ning band.
- 4 They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wond'ring sight.
Harping in solemn quire, in robes array'd,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks, with wings display'd.
- 5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While God dispos'd in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

- 6 Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
The Saviour Christ is born :
(Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime)
Glory to God in heav'n !
To man sweet peace be giv'n,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time !

HYMN 154. C. M.

For Christmas day.

- 1 ON Judah's plains as shepherds sat,
Watching their flocks by night,
The angel of the Lord appear'd,
Clad in celestial light.
- 2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,
Appall'd with trembling fear ;
When thus a cherub-voice divine
Breath'd sweetly on their ear.
- 3 " Shepherds of Judah ! cease your fears,
And calm your troubled mind ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 4 This day almighty Love fulfils
Its great eternal word ;
This day is born in Bethlehem
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 5 There shall ye find the heav'nly babe
In humblest weeds array'd ;
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid."

- 6 He ceas'd ; and sudden all around
Appear'd a radiant throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Warbling their choral song.
- 7 " Glory to God, from whom on high
All-gracious mercies flow !
Who sends his heaven-descended peace
To dwell with man below !"

HYMN 155. 7s. M.

For the last day of a year.

- 1 WHILE, by calm reflection led,
We review each passing year,
Think how many souls are fled,
Never more to meet us here !
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have now no cares below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.
- 3 Life how frail ! how fleeting breath !
Fate stands threat'ning still in view ;
And the next dread bolt of death
May be sent to me or you.
- 4 While we speak, and while we hear,
Teach us, Lord, with awe to think,—
Vast eternity is near,
We are standing on the brink.
- 5 As the winged arrow flies
Quick, the destin'd mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :

- 6 So our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on ;
Soon we pass life's little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 7 Lord our suppliant vows receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us by thy grace to live,
With eternity in view.
- 8 Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy bliss above !

HYMN 156. L. M.

The year crowned with goodness.

For a New Year, or Annual Thanksgiving.

- 1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear ;
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole :
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

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- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and ev'ning shade !
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

HYMN 157. L. M.

The vanity and frailty of human life.

For a new year.

- 1 OUR life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 2 How many ev'n in youth's gay flower,
Brief pageants of the noon-tide hour,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
The early tenants of the tomb !
- 3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair !
How frail the strongest frame we see,
When thou dost man to death decree !
- 4 As when the fretting moths consume
The curious labour of the loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.
- 5 God of my fathers ! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day,
A transient guest—thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

- 6 O Lord of life and seasons ! we
Our sole reliance place on thee :
In thee we trust with holy fear—
And blest thee for the new-born year !

HYMN 158. C. M.

For a Fast Day.

- 1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom su'd ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Good God ! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Our country, guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast ;
See their united pray'rs ascend ;
And shall these pray'rs be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes ?
- 6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode :
Long has thy presence blest our land :
Forfake us not, O God !

- 7 O may our people, rulers, priests,
Thy choicest blessings share ;
And know thee by that glorious name,
“ The God who heareth pray’r !”

HYMN 159. L. M.

Hymn in time of war.

- 1 While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground ;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.
- 2 Thou, who hast stamp’d on human kind
The image of a heav’n-born mind,
And in a father’s wide embrace
Hast cherish’d all the kindred race ;
- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage ;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers’ blood †
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God ! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd’ning world to peace.
- 6 With rev’rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy son’s blest errand from above,
“ My creatures, live in mutual love !”

HYMN 160. L. M.

Hymn for a Fast.

- 1 GREAT framer of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore !
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy pow'r ;
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 But if injustice grind the poor,
Or avarice stain the fordid hand ;
Or stern ambition thirst for blood,
Or rude oppression waste the land :
- 5 The God, who hears the orphan's cry,
The martyr's pray'r, and prisoner's groan,
Still list'ning to the poor oppress'd,
Would spurn th' oppressor from his throne.
- 6 Yet though enormous crimes abound,
Should but a generous sorrow rise ;
And as new troubles threaten round
'Midst wasting wars, and angry skies ;
- 7 Should in her sober hour, our land
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
Thou still wouldst love to be her friend,
Who lov'd to own thee as her God.

HYMN 161. S. M.

The designs of Providence in the changes and revolutions
of the world.

For a National Fast.

- 1 GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise ;
But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare ;
And stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly pomp and pride,
Are in his presence lost ;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and woe prevail,
And desolation wide ;
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.
- 5 Myfterious is the course
Of his tremendous way :
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.
- 6 Yet, though now wrapt in clouds,
And from our view conceal'd ;
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd !
- 7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man ;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

HYMN 162. GL L. M.

Thanksgiving for national prosperity.

- 1 How rich thy gifts, almighty King !
From thee our publick blessings spring :
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from ev'ry foreign shore ;
Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs.
Here still may God in mercy reign ;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

HYMN 163. L. M.

Praise for national peace.

- 1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies !
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain :

- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Reviving commerce spreads her sails.
The fields are green and plenty sings,
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore!

HYMN 164. L. M.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

- 1 THEY that have made their refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.
- 2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 3 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Still they are safe: the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.

- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 165. H. M.

Thanks to God our preserver in times of epidemical
sickness.

- 1 UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
 God is the tow'r
 To which we fly ;
 His grace is nigh
 In ev'ry hour.
- 1 Our feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
 Those wakeful eyes
 That never sleep,
 Thy servants keep,
 When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there :

Thou art our sun,
And thou our shade,
To guard our head
By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save our souls from death ?
And we can trust thee, Lord,
To keep our mortal breath :
We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call us home.

HYMN 166. C. M.

Hymn for those who have returned from abroad.

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below
To thee, O God, ascend,
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.
- 2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thy almighty aid
Have sure protection found.
- 3 The wand'ring exile, doom'd to stray
O'er many a desert wide ;
Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With thee his guard, and guide :—
- 4 The sailor, on the swelling sea,
When storms impending low'r,
Or tempests rage ; who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty pow'r ;—

- 5 The wretch, who, press'd by countless woes
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty Lord, on thee :—
- 6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heav'nly aid they prove ;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy goodness, pow'r, and love !

HYMN 167. L. M.

At the settlement of a minister.

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels ! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below ;
And 'midst ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band ;
With them thro' distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blest employment ! glorious hope !
Sweet lenitive of grief and care !
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours share ?
- 5 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Tho' distant from thy heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n shall here be known.

HYMN 169. L. M.

On the dangerous sickness of a minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst alluage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay:
Support him through the gloomy way.
- 6 Around him may thy angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

HYMN 169. C. M.

For a vacant congregation on the death of its minister.

- 1 THOUGH earthy shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

- 2 Th' eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 3 To him, when mortal comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly ;
And on th' eternal shepherd's care
With cheerful hope rely.
- 4 The pow'rs of nature, Lord, are thine ;
And thine the aids of grace :
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 5 Exert thy sacred influence here,
Thy mourning servants bless :
O change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress.

HYMN 171. L. M.

A funeral hymn.

- 1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When friends belov'd, and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living friend.
- 3 Parent, protector, guardian, guide !
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

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- 4 Our father God ! to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend !
And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 172. L. M.

A hymn for morning or evening.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like morning dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our sleeping hours !
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 We yield our pow'rs to thy command ;
To thee we consecrate our days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 173. 7s. M.

Meditations in the night season.

- 1 WHAT tho' downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ;
While with God's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.
- 2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way :

- 3 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole ;
Far above these spangl'd skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 4 'Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise ;
- 5 'Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear :
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart ;
- 6 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee !

HYMN 174. L. M.

Morning hymn.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me thro' the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 175. L. M.

Family duties and blessings.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word ;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.
- 2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars rais'd,
And daily let his name be prais'd.
- 3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows ;
Their servants and their rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.
- 4 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove ;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joys that parents only know.
- 5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise ;
Till pleas'd and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

HYMN 176. P. M.

Concluding hymn of General Praise.

- 1 ALL nature, hear the sacred song !
Attend, O earth, the solemn strain !
Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along ;
Ye darkening storms of beating rain ;
Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear ;
And solitary deserts, hear !
Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise
The creatures of his power aspire their voice to
raise.
- 2 O may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where he, whose glory knows no bound,
Great cause of all things, dwells alone.
'Tis he we sing, whose powerful hand
Balanc'd the skies, outspread the land ;
Who spoke—from ocean's stores sweet waters
came,
And burst resplendent forth the heav'n-aspiring
flame.
- 3 One general song of praise arise
To him whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthron'd beyond the skies,
And life, and breath, on all bestows.
Great source of intellect, thine ear
Benign receives our vows sincere :
Rise then, our active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to our will.
- 4 Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
O let thy strong reflected beam,
Our understanding, speak his praise :

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Our souls, in steadfast love secure,
Praise him whose word is ever sure :
To him, sole just, our sense of right incline,
Join every prostrate limb, our ardent spirits join.

5 Let all of good these bosoms fire,
To him, sole good, give praise due :
Let all the truth himself inspire,
Unite to sing him only true.
To him our every thought ascend,
To him our hopes, our wishes, bend.
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns
arise,

And his own word convey the pious sacrifice.

6 In ardent adoration join'd,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combin'd,
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil.
From thee deriv'd, eternal king,
To thee our noblest powers we bring :
O may thy hand direct our wandering way,
O bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away.

7 Eternal Spirit ! whose command
Light, life, and being, gave to all ;
O hear the creature of thy hand,
Man, constant on thy goodness call :
By fire, by water, air, and earth,
That soul to thee that owes its birth,
By these, he supplicates thy blest repose,
Absent from thee no rest his wandering spirit
knows.

INDEX.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light	<i>Barbault</i>	4
A God ! A God ! the wide earth shouts	<i>Darwin</i>	34
All pow'rful, self-existent God,	<i>Walker's Coll.</i>	46
Almighty maker God !	<i>Watts</i>	16
Almighty father ! gracious Lord !	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	51
All-seeing God ! 'tis thine to know	<i>Scott</i>	69
Almighty maker Lord of all !	<i>Select Coll.</i>	80
All nature dies, and lives again !	<i>Edinburgh Coll.</i>	123
All nature hear the sacred song !	<i>Lorenzo de Medici</i>	
	<i>translated by Rouse</i>	149
And is the gospel peace and love ?	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	65
Angel, roll the rock away !	<i>Scott</i>	67
Author of good ! we rest on thee	<i>Merrick</i>	90
Awake my soul to hymns of praise	<i>Merrick</i>	32
Awake my soul ! lift up thine eyes	<i>Barbault</i>	75
Awake my soul ! stretch every nerve	<i>Doddridge</i>	78
Before Jehovah's awful throne	<i>Watts</i>	6
Behold the prince of peace !	<i>Needham</i>	57
Behold, where in a mortal form	<i>Enfield</i>	66
Behold, where breathing love divine	<i>Barbault</i>	72
Blest instructor from thy ways	<i>Merrick</i>	106
Blest is the man who fears the Lord	<i>Watts</i>	142
Come ! said Jesus' sacred voice	<i>Barbault</i>	108
Eat, drink in mem'ry of your friend	<i>Dublin Coll.</i>	122
Eternal and immortal king !	<i>Doddridge</i>	64
Eternal God ! how frail is man !	<i>Watts</i>	126
Eternal source of life and light	<i>Cappé's Select.</i>	35
Eternal Sire, enthron'd on high !	<i>Williams' Coll.</i>	90
Eternal source of ev'ry joy !	<i>Doddridge</i>	133

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	77
Far from the world, O Lord ! I flee	<i>Cowper</i>	87
Far from these scenes of night	<i>Mrs. Steele, altered</i>	125
Father ador'd in worlds above !	<i>Pope's Coll.</i>	38
Father of all ! in every age	<i>Pope</i>	35
Father of all ! eternal mind !	<i>Exeter Coll.</i>	37
Father of all ! omniscient mind !	<i>Blacklock</i>	39
Father of our feeble race,	<i>Taylor</i>	74
From all that dwell below the skies	<i>Watts</i>	10
Glory be to God on high !	<i>Hall. Walker's Coll.</i>	11
Glory be to God on high !	<i>Walker's Coll.</i>	31
God moves in a mysterious way	<i>Cowper</i>	95
God of my childhood and my youth	<i>Watts</i>	89
God of the sabbath, hear our vows	<i>Doddridge</i>	3
God of mercy ! God of love !	<i>Taylor</i>	112
God of eternity ! from thee	<i>Doddridge</i>	118
God who is just and kind	<i>Patrick</i>	91
God to correct the world	<i>Jervis altered</i>	138
Greatest of beings, source of life,	<i>Dyer</i>	12
Greatest of beings, source of life,	<i>do.</i>	13
Great God, in vain man's narrow view	<i>Kippis</i>	39
Great God ! our joyful thanks to thee,	<i>Browne</i>	28
Great God how infinite art thou !	<i>Watts</i>	45
Great God ! thy peerless excellence	<i>Browne</i>	64
Great God whose universal sway	<i>Watts</i>	57
Great God ! whose all pervading eye	<i>do.</i>	70
Great framer of unnumber'd worlds	<i>Dyer</i>	137
Great Lord of angels ! we adore	<i>Doddridge</i>	143
Great ruler of all nature's frame !	<i>do.</i>	91
Great ruler of the earth and skies	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	139
Happy the meek whose gentle breast	<i>Scott</i>	71
Hark ! the glad sound the Saviour comes !	<i>Doddridge</i>	60
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims	<i>Watts</i>	121

INDEX.

153

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !	<i>Addison</i>	49
How blest the sacred tie that binds	<i>Barbauld</i>	72
How happy is he born and taught	<i>Sir H. Wotton</i>	84
How still and peaceful is the grave	<i>Edinburgh Coll.</i>	120
How vast is the tribute I owe	<i>Jervis</i>	100
How rich thy gifts almighty King !	<i>Kippis altered</i>	139
If solid happiness we prize	<i>Cotton</i>	85
Imposture shrinks from light	<i>Scott</i>	67
In the soft season of thy youth	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	88
In sleep's serene oblivion laid	<i>Hawkesworth</i>	147
Jehovah reigns ! let every nation hear	<i>Barbauld</i>	47
Keep silence, all created things	<i>Watts</i>	44
Let children hear the mighty deeds	<i>Watts</i>	88
Let coward guilt with pallid fear	<i>Mrs. Carter</i>	82
Let heav'n arise ! let earth appear !	<i>Watts</i>	53
Let party names no more	<i>Birmingham Coll.</i>	69
Let us with a joyful mind	<i>Milton</i>	25
Let men of high conceit and zeal	<i>Browne</i>	70
Let none be envious when they see	<i>Patrick</i>	86
Let songs of praise from all below	<i>New Selection</i>	142
Lo, God is here ! let us adore	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	5
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing	<i>Anon.</i>	9
Lord of nature ! source of light !	<i>Calamy</i>	10
Lord thou hast search'd and seen us thro'	<i>Watts</i>	41
Lord thro' the dubious path of life	<i>Exeter Coll.</i>	104
Mark the soft falling snow !	<i>Doddridge</i>	80
My father ! eering name	<i>Mrs. Steele altered</i>	92
My soul, praise the Lord	<i>Park</i>	18
My God how endless is thy love !	<i>Watts</i>	146
No war nor battle's sound,	<i>Milton, altered by Rev.</i>	
	<i>J. B. J. Gardiner</i>	130

Of mortal life how short the date	<i>Merrick</i>	113
Oh! source of uncreated light!	<i>Dryden</i>	7
O hear me Lord to thee I call	<i>Merrick</i>	105
Oh turn great ruler of the skies!	<i>Merrick</i>	113
On Judah's plains as shepherds sat	<i>Tate altered</i>	131
O azure vaults! O crystal sky!	<i>Roscommon</i>	19
O bless the Lord our souls!	<i>Watts</i>	17
O God of our forefathers hear	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	43
O praise ye the Lord! prepare a new song	<i>Doddridge</i>	14
O Lord my best desires fulfil	<i>Cowper</i>	95
O thou whose mercy hears	<i>Mrs. Steele altered</i>	103
O thou the first, the greatest friend	<i>Burns</i>	52
O thou through all thy works ador'd	<i>Enfield</i>	22
O thou the wretched's sure retreat	<i>Mrs. Carter</i>	109
Our country is Immanuel's ground	<i>Barbauld</i>	76
Our God as merciful as just,	<i>Barbauld altered</i>	79
O ye immortal throng	<i>Doddridge</i>	61
Out of the depth of sad distress	<i>Denham</i>	110
Oppress'd with guilt, or grief, or care	<i>Patrick</i>	111
Our life advancing to its close	<i>Merrick</i>	134
O thou before whose gracious throne	<i>Rippon's Coll.</i>	144
Praise to God immortal praise	<i>Barbauld</i>	34
Praise to thee thou great Creator	<i>Fawcett</i>	10
Praise to the Lord of boundless might	<i>Doddridge</i>	43
Praise, O praise the name divine!	<i>Merrick</i>	16
Providence, profusely kind	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	98
Sages of ancient letter'd times!	<i>Scott</i>	59
Shall I forsake that heav'nly friend	<i>Jervis</i>	128
Show pity Lord! O Lord forgive!	<i>Watts</i>	110
Sing to the Lord ye distant lands!	<i>Watts</i>	53
Sleep, sleep to day tormenting cares	<i>Barbauld</i>	5
Supreme and universal light!	<i>Rev. H. Moore</i>	81
Sweet is the love that mutual glows	<i>Dr. Gregory</i>	74

INDEX.

155

The evils that beset our path	<i>Cowper</i>	116
The heart dejected, sighs to know	<i>Needham</i>	119
The gifts indulgent heav'n bestows	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	98
The swift declining day	<i>Doddridge</i>	115
The Lord! how tender is his love!	<i>Darwin</i>	93
Thanks for mercies past receive	<i>Anon.</i>	9
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	<i>Addison</i>	50
The spacious firmament on high	<i>Addison</i>	23
The trav'ller lost in night	<i>Mrs. Steele altered</i>	87
There is a God all nature speaks	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	24
Thou, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen	<i>Mason</i>	56
Thou pow'r supreme by whose command	<i>Mrs. Carter</i>	33
Thy providence supplies our food	<i>Cowper</i>	48
Th' uplifted eye and bended knee	<i>Scott</i>	68
To God the Lord, wake we the lay!	<i>Ogilvie</i>	14
Thro' all the various shifting scene	<i>Liverpool Coll.</i>	94
Time! what an empty vapour 'tis	<i>Watts</i>	114
To calm the sorrows of the mind	<i>Jervis</i>	99
To thee my God! my days are known	<i>Doddridge</i>	104
To your Creator God!	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	20
There is a land of pure delight	<i>Watts</i>	124
This feast was Jesus' high behest	<i>Enfield's Select.</i>	127
They that have made their refuge God	<i>Watts</i>	140
Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust	<i>Doddridge</i>	144
The God of love will sure indulge	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	145
Upward we lift our eyes	<i>Watts</i>	141
Weak and irresolute is man	<i>Cowper</i>	117
We sing th' almighty pow'r of God	<i>Watts</i>	26
What tho' downy slumbers flee	<i>Doddridge</i>	146
What glory gilds the sacred page	<i>Cowper</i>	63
When fancy spreads her boldest wings	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	102
When all thy mercies, O my God!	<i>Addison</i>	29
When as returns this solemn day	<i>Barbauld</i>	4

Wherefore should man frail child of clay	<i>Hayfield</i>	78
When present suff'rings pain our hearts	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	96
When sickness shakes the languid frame	<i>Haginsbottom</i>	101
While here as wand'ring sheep we stray	<i>Merrish</i>	7
While thee I seek protecting pow'r!	<i>Miss Williams</i>	27
While some in folly's pleasures roll	<i>Cotton</i>	83
When darkness long has veil'd my mind	<i>Cowper</i>	106
Who shall tow'rd thy chosen seat	<i>Merrick</i>	6
When rising from the bed of death	<i>Addison</i>	108
When all the pow'rs of nature fail	<i>Jarvis</i>	118
When Abra'm, full of sacred awe	<i>West Boston Coll.</i>	125
When life's tempestuous storms are o'er	<i>W. Bos. Coll.</i>	123
While by calm reflection led	<i>Olney hymns</i>	132
While sounds of war are heard around	<i>Aikin</i>	126
Ye foll'wers of the Prince of Peace	<i>Birmingham Coll.</i>	129
Ye bless'd inhabitants of heav'n !	<i>Merrick</i>	23
Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell	<i>Doddridge</i>	122
Ye weak inhabitants of clay	<i>Doddridge</i>	40



Author of life, with grateful heart
My evening song I'll raise;
But Oh! thy thousand, thousand gifts
Exceed my highest praise.

What shall I render to thy care,
Which me this day hath kept;
A thankful heart's the least return
And that thou wilt accept.

Now night has spread her sable ^{wing}
I would this day review;
My errors rightly mark,
And see, what yet I have to do.

What sins & follies mighty God,
I may this day have done,
I would confess, with grief, & pray,
For pardon thro' thy Son.

Much of my precious time I've lost
This foolish waste forgive,
By one day nearer brought to death
May I begin to live.

Thou, gracious God! hast formed my mind,
With powers of sense & thought:-

O' may I ever be inclined

To use them as I ought.

Be all my thoughts-where'er they turn-
From vice, & folly free,
And all I teach, & all I learn,
Refer to heaven & thee.

Yet may I feel how far all a part
Of thee is understood,
To barely show how great thou art,
And coldly prove how good.

Thou, who hast framed these minds of ours,
To reason, judge, & prove,
Hast formed our hearts with finer powers,
To feel, & hope, & love.

While Reason's strength a God reveals,
And fair would comprehend,
The heart, with fonder motion, feels
A Father & a Friend.

